

WHEN YOU RENEW
ASK SOME OF YOUR NEIGHBORS
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VOL. XIX.—NO. 1.

ON \$40 A YEAR.

How a Bright Woman Manages to Dress.

Her Ideas May be Homely, but the General Result Isn't.

She Talks for the Benefit of Readers of The Globe.



give you by some means.

"I haven't a relative who isn't poorer than myself," was the prompt reply. "I buy all I wear, and I get it out of four or \$10 bills. It is the honest, godly truth, and now I'll tell you all about it."

I was making a call on a little friend of mine, and the girls always do at most any season of the year, we were talking about clothes; why we had this and didn't have the other; what we wanted and wouldn't have. And I said, "Well, I can't afford to come with us in our means." My friend is a pretty little creature, with blue eyes and curly hair; she is very fond of writing and occasionally copying papers for a law firm in Boston. But while I said she was not up to the mark, I did not mean that she certainly never had dreamed that all the silly frocks and daft underclothing she wore during a year came out of \$40."

"But you know, I'm not a 'bright' one," continued my friend. "Women who spend hundreds of dollars every year for ordinary clothing simply don't know where they buy them with such some such. They buy silk and wool stuff that costles the first night they get caught out after the first wash. But you know, I do know how much for hideous jackets and hats which are sick of in a fortnight. They don't take care of their clothes, but put them in the wash, and then turn their hounds around anywhere, give away their hand-worn dresses, and never mend the clothes. Oh, I know their tricks and manage as the do," the dressmaker said.

"I'm not one of them."

"That's all very well; I know you were born to be a bright woman," I said.

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Youth's Department

CHILDREN AS STORY MAKERS.

A Little Girl Tells About a Thing That Happened 1800 Years Ago.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURKE.

LWorld would be very difficult to tell anything at all definite about her. One can only try to imagine what she was like, what she thought, what she did, and how her young life was passed. And I imagined, I never could, that I can scarcely be expected to depict to one very clearly and briefly the things that happened more than 1800 years ago.

More than 1800 years ago she died in the ancient city of Pompeii, an awful tragic death, which 2000 people shared with her, perishing in the most overwhelming

imagined that she walked with me she was no longer a poor little gray lava-encrusted thing, but supple and pretty and soft, and clothed in the delicate graceful garments she wore so long ago—or at least as nearly as we can tell, now, when we have seen them in New York, though there they are not smoke-brimmed all to one hopeless dingy shade. And in Pompeii one passes over the stones and finds in all the houses the one plan.

One enters through a narrow passage, the vestibule, which was a portico, which was called the "atrium," and which has the centre a sort of square, shallow pool made in the mosaic pavement to receive the water that ran off from the roof. This was called the "impluvium."

At the opposite end of this atrium was a room, probably a small one, with a tiny room which, in modern days, would seem scarcely more than closets. But it was the central room in which the people really lived, and which I am sure they must have felt to be truly their home. Since then the rooms have not been so well kept, nor have they had windows, and no doors to one's own little draperies to hang over them.

But the "peristyle" was open to the sun-shine, and the sun was an Indian sky.

There was a colonnade around it, whose columns were garlanded with flowers.

The centre was a garden. There were tiny

rooms with little colonnades, and there were

pedestals with vases of brilliant flowers upon them; perhaps there was a fountain, and a tiny room in which the people of the house must have slept. They used to sit in the present day.

"I got up too late for breakfast this morning, and had to go without it. Only one cup of coffee all day, and I'm so tired to night I couldn't swallow a bite if I tried," said another.

"Makin docked me 15 cents for a dead beat what got a message from me without paying for it," cried one boy fiercely.

"Outposts of strikers had guarded the

post office to notify all the boys of the

movement and given them an invitation to

join it. There were various degrees of

enthusiasm among the messengers, but that

most lukewarm had not the courage to stand out against his fellows. Not one re-

wolved was not at all favorable to the putting on of flesh.

Whatever this occupation was, it was plain that many things connected with it were not to their liking. Their day's work over, they had clustered together and were reciting some of their grievances.

"I've had to go out to the West Addition four times a day, to North Beach once, down to the docks three times, and away out to the Mission once," said one tired-looking young fellow. "Pretty good day's work for 45 cents."

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"

SAVED BY DEATH;

The Strange Fate of Austin Graige.

By SCOTT CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER," "GREEN GOODS," "HELD FOR TRIAL," "THE GAMESTER," ETC., ETC.

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300 REWARD!

"Saved by Death" is a bright, clean story of New England life, filled with thrilling scenes, and which the reader will find well worth the time spent in its perusal.

At the end of the next to the last chapter the strange fate of Austin Graige will still remain unexplained. The solution of the fascinating mystery will be given in the very last chapter, and not until then will the reader learn what has been published nor leave the author's hands until a week at least after the publication of the preceding chapter. But the reader of the story will have opportunity to study all the circumstances and motives that enter into the plot, which will be related fully and candidly by the author, and an acute reader will thus be able to detect the true and logical secret of Austin Graige's strange fate. Watch the motives and scenes that fill the world of the story.

All are urged to follow the story attentively, day by day, and when the next to the last chapter has been printed, everybody should send to THE GLOBE his or her judgment on the subject in letters of not more than 100 words each. No reward will be conceded if received, before the last chapter has been given, and no person may send in more than one entry. The next best will receive \$50 each.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

As soon as he reached the open air the detective saw how useless must prove a shot from his weapon, how vain pursuit would be for him in the austere concluding chapter. Then the result will be announced in THE GLOBE, and whoever has come nearest the author's own explanation of the fate of Austin Graige will receive a reward of \$200, while the two whose theories are next best will receive \$50 each.

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When a week or so has passed after that publication, all the letters will be carried over by committee and compared with the solution given by the author in the concluding chapter. Then the result will be announced in THE GLOBE, and whoever has come nearest the author's own explanation of the fate of Austin Graige will receive a reward of \$200, while the two whose theories are next best will receive \$50 each.

Next morning Jerome was preparing to start off to business, Farrington and Marks to set in motion all possible means of waylaying the fugitive, which had been left to his disposal.

Virginia Vernon had been aided to her chamber, where, according to the report of the magistrate, who had been one to help her to the rescue, she had been a victim of hopeless dementation. To the mind of Mr. Prince, when a little later the reporter called from the banker's residence, Miss Vernon's mind had been completely shattered by the shock it had received, and the answer was evident.

Perhaps the brief conversation which followed may throw a little brighter light upon the inquest just ended, and its chief motive.

"Well, did you secure any new evidence?" Prince laughed about at the question.

"I know say that I secured anything very new," he finally answered; "and I think, as to evidence, that I have an ample supply. In fact, I have more than enough, and hardly know which way to turn. I shall sleep on it tonight."

"Did I bring out the points which you described?"

"Admirably, and without awakening suspicion, I think."

"And the circumstances?"

"I am in your faith," replied Prince, gravely shaking his head.

"Pshaw! we will have him in custody again by this time tomorrow," said Prince, confidently.

"He was very quick-witted to have seized the opportunity, and was quite aware of the circumstances which must force themselves upon our minds!"

"Yes. First, she knew who was upon that second floor; knew that some evil design was in operation; knew that an interruption of her quiet moments, as well as those of her husband, was to be expected; and, therefore, she had to remove to one or the other some casual remark as to the nature of his errand up stairs, to have dispensed his wife with her feminine curiosity."

"Question winced, but said nothing.

"At that moment, when Vernon had decided to ascend to that floor, now, passing through the hall she encountered Dr. Schiller emerging from Mr. Craig's chamber. She stopped, and, as she did so, the door of the hall came out, and she went along the edge of the stairs with him, to stand in brief conversation till he descended. Then she returned to that as I feel that I am able."

"Because," said Question slowly, "when I accepted your confidence, I did not fully trust you."

"I am in your faith," replied Prince, feelingly.

"Nothing very unusual in that," put in Question, with a nervous little laugh.

"Let us see whether this is the case," he responded.

"On entering the hall she encountered Dr. Schiller emerging from Mr. Craig's chamber. She stopped, and, as she did so, the door of the hall came out, and she went along the edge of the stairs with him, to stand in brief conversation till he descended. Then she returned to that as I feel that I am able."

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